Alla-o-Din set forth from Delhi, drawn by the beauty of a woman he had never seen, and whom he beheld only in mirrors when he reached Chittore, that City set on a hill, whose light can never be hid, the holiest upon earth. The hill of Calvary is sacred for ever-more, because one Divine Man suffered there, but the hill of Chittore is holier still, because its earth has three times been drenched with the blood of a whole nation who preferred a glorious death to shame. For three times have the women of Chittore, in a procession of many thousands, led by their Queens and Princesses, passed singing to the pyre ; and three times have the men, clad in the ascetic's robe, perished to the last one before the enemy was admitted to the gate.

So that the most callous, the most cynical, when approaching Chittore, the City of the Children of the Sun, must feel that the place whereon they stand is holy ground.

It was through the streets of Delhi that Aurungzeb, the iconoclast, passed from his father's dream-like palace to the Jama Musjid,

a fanatic of fanatics, ready to burn and destroy for the faith ; yet he too must have had softer moments, for even he, and also Humayun,

accepted